

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BYT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

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THE REFLECTOR.

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

The consolations of Religion are calculated to give the highest enjoyment in the earliest and the latest years of life. And although some may fancy it chills the fervor of youth, by lessening the pleasures of innocent hilarity, they grossly miscalculate. Religion furnishes all the delight known in this world, for without its sustaining aid, the oppressed heart would break. Then each one who wishes to live happily, must live religiously; for it is impossible to be happy without Religion, and most ungenerous calumny on piety to suppose it renders men gloomy and despondent. By such groundless insinuations many have been induced to believe holiness fit only for the melancholy of old age, or the hour of sickness and death. Indeed, so appalling has been the representation, that no young and feeling soul could possibly delight in its possession. But when the unfulfilling comforts of vital goodness are impartially drawn, the youthful heart beats with transports to enter into the enjoyment, and to give scope to the highest capacities of his nature. He perceives that every other pursuit tends to degrade the powers of the understanding, and to bury his mind in the dust, and that their pretended pleasures are but disguised miseries. For these plain reasons, Religion has always been disgusting to the young and the feeling, and will so remain, unless it can be represented in its true light. If its professed teachers perform it by description and disgrace it by practice, none but the abandoned will be disposed to embrace so demoralizing a system.

BENEVOLENCE.

"Wide as the sun his bright dominion spreads,
Heaven-born Benevolence her bounty sheds,
The meek-eyed goddess, quits th' angelic sphere
To banish grief, and dry the human tear."

BENEVOLENCE is a virtue, the most amiable in its nature, and beneficial in its effects. It sheds diffusive lustre, wherever it is exercised. Its cheering influence enlivens the gloomy habitation of sorrow, makes glad some the way of the afflicted, relieves the sorrow of the unfortunate, wipes the big swollen tear from the sorrowed cheek of grief, and administers a healing balm to the wound of the distressed.

The motives for it are visible in every part of life. Mortality and imperfection are inscribed on every object around us. Even man, the first in the order of created beings, is frail and unstable. The best of his race are liable to be led astray, and the wisest are not infrequently in an error. Objects of charity present themselves on all sides, and every day affords us occasion to exercise our candor and benevolence.

The Deity himself, in our creation, and the circumstances in which he has here placed us, has evidently indicated that man was formed for the exercise of all the social affections. He has made us mutually dependent, and ever exposed to want and misfortune. He has so intimately blended our duty and interest, that while performing the one, we directly subserve the other. More than this, He has given us a glorious example of Benevolence, in creating us rational agents; in endowing us with intellectual faculties, which constitute the dignity of our nature; in affording us so many fountains of pleasure; but above all, by implanting within us sympathetic feelings, from the exercise of which, we derive the most noble and voluptuous enjoyment.

Benevolence, at the same time it tends to individual happiness, promotes the common good. Were all men actuated by a spirit of philanthropy, there would be an end to broils and dissensions. Instead of wars, factions, and disturbances in communities, we should see mankind united as brethren, and mutually reciprocating good offices. All motives of self interest would be absorbed in the more generous desires of increasing the general welfare. Peace would extend her "olive wand," and under her mild reign, the great family of man would enjoy security and happiness.

No longer would the poor cry for bread in the streets. The unfortunate widow, in the day of her affliction, would no longer be destitute of a helper, and the mild voice of charity would become responsive to the plaintive wail of the orphan. Reason would usurp the place of passion; and man no longer seeking revenge in his neighbor's sufferings, would bury all wrongs in oblivion, and forgive even the seventy-seventh offence.

Not only should benevolence be employed in relieving the misfortunes of others, but in forming an opinion of their actions and characters. Too liable are we, in our judgments of persons, to be swayed by prejudice, or partiality. Too often is it the case, that the innocent suffer by rash and inconsiderate determination.

When we consider the frailty of our natures, and how cautious we ought to be of injuring another's good reputation, we shall find it more for our mutual convenience, to forgive, than to censure; and instead of depreciating another's merit, to draw the mantle of charity over the imperfections of a brother.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN. LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Killarney, 7th July, 1825.
My last letter was dated at Cork on the 4th instant, and forwarded by the ship Cambridge. On the morning of the 5th, at 8 o'clock, we took the stage-coach for this place, for the purpose of taking a view of its mountain scenery, which is so celebrated on this side of the Atlantic, and the fame of which has reached the shores of our own country. The distance between Cork and Killarney is about forty-five Irish miles, which the mail-coach travels at the rate of five miles the hour, arriving here in season for dinner. Our pace was tardy, compared with the rapidity of an American stage. The vehicle was, however, in all respects comfortable. There were six passengers in the inside, with about as many more on the top, together with the guard and baggage. Sixteen persons are frequently carried by these coaches. The fare is comparatively cheap. A passenger on deck pays but about half as much as one below, although in pleasant weather the former is preferred, especially by strangers, who are anxious to see the country.

Our party in the inside was extremely pleasant. It consisted of a respectable and agreeable young gentleman living at Beaufort, a large country-seat near this place, who has just taken his degree from the University at Dublin, and was returning to his paternal estate, with a young and accomplished wife, who is to share with him the pleasures of his rural retirement on the borders of the romantic Lake. They are in all respects an interesting couple, intelligent, literary, and affable. He is destined for the church, and will soon take orders. With them was a maiden lady of respectability, polished in her manners and conversation. She had in charge two beautiful ring-doves, that would "turn up their bright eyes and peck," taking their food and drink from the hand, and forming a pretty emblem of the young pair whose nuptials had but a few days before been celebrated. The remaining person in our party, was a bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked girl, with a musical voice and the full brogue of Ireland. Many inquiries were made about our respective countries, and the ride was far from being tedious.

The road from Cork to Killarney is not very interesting. For a considerable distance on this side of the former, the fields continue in the high state of cultivation visible in the environs of the city. Hand-some country-seats and farm-houses border the way-side. The peasantry were busily employed in their fields in mowing and raking, and the aspect of the country, clothed with a deep verdure, and fragrant with "new-mown hay," was cheerful in comparison with the confined walls of the city. It is, however, although in many places fertile, and the bare hills, grateful to the eye, seldom presenting those rich landscapes every where to be found in the United States. All along the road, the same squalid appearance of the lower classes was observable, as was mentioned in my last; though not perhaps in so great a degree. The stage-coach was thronged with mendicants, not only when it stopped at the Inns, but while it was under way; and little ragged boys would follow us for miles, in the manner of the paposes at the Indian settlements at New-York, to pick up the half-pence thrown to them by passengers.

At less than half way from Cork to this place commences a rough and sterile region, with extensive bogs along the road, wild, desolate, and dreary. In several of these morasses, the poor tenants were at work, in cutting peat, which is the principal fuel of the country. It is taken up in cakes of the size of tile, and arranged in small piles to dry. The process of digging it has lately been greatly improved, and is much less laborious than it used to be. It is frequently transported to great distances, and afforded at cheap rates. In those bogs and hills along the road, the *White Boys* a few years since were wont to collect in great numbers, and sometimes attack the mail-coach. A passenger was murdered in one instance, and the mail plundered. The country is now tranquil, and travelling safe.

There are some antiquities and curiosities on the road; but at these the coach enabled us only to take a glance. Four miles on this side of Cork, is the castle of Ballincolly, once owned by the Barretts, and celebrated in the wars of the Commonwealth, and of James the Second. The last of the inextricable family has long since descended to the tomb of the Capulets, and the place is now a ruin. Opposite this castle is an extensive barrack, with powder mills on the head waters of the Lee. In the vicinity are also the ruins of the castle and abbey of Killeera, celebrated as a cemetery. At Ovens is a remarkable cavern, which is said to extend nearly to Cork. Macroom, Mill Street, and other places on the road are dirty villages, apparently filled with a miserable population. We were glad to escape from them, and the crowd that beset us, as soon as possible. The language of the vagrants are wholly unintelligible, but accompanied with all sorts of gesticulations, and in tones the most importunate.

Some miles from Killarney, on the left side of the road the high hills of Kerry begin to meet the eye, and peak after peak rises to view, till you reach this place. The ranges continue still farther, until they reach the Atlantic Ocean, which is visible from the summits near the Lakes. Kerry is the most mountainous part of Ireland, and the whole aspect of the country is rugged, not unlike the shores of Lake George. The approach to Killarney is not unpleasant, several ruins, groves, parks, pleasure grounds, and occasionally glimpses of the Lake being seen from the road. We passed a modern castle lately built by a Mr. Coleman of London, formerly of Lisbon, at an expense of 20,000 dollars. It stands in a commanding situation, but exhibits little taste. There being no trees about it, and it having no associations to impart an interest. On the opposite side of the way is a charming grove of oak, with a park belonging to Lord Kenmare, one of the great men in this vicinity.

We arrived at Killarney at 5 o'clock. The town containing a population of 8,000, is badly built at the distance of a mile from the Lake, with the fronts of the houses all turned from the beautiful scenery. It presents nothing worthy of particular notice. The hotels are not very good, and inconvenient to the objects of the visit. They have been a subject of complaint for many years, and are not likely soon to be remedied, though they form a heavy drawback upon the pleasures of strangers. There appears to be a want of enterprise, with a determination, notwithstanding, to make money.

After dining and entering our names in the Album, (where we found those of several of our countrymen, some of them from New-York,) we procured a guide,

and made an excursion to the Lake on foot. Our course was directed through the extensive grounds of Lord Kenmare, whose fields and walks are charming, but whose mansion is in bad taste, wholly unworthy of the scenery around him. From an eminence in the midst of his demesne, we took the first view of the far-famed Lake of Killarney, with the numerous hills with which it is bordered, and the hundred green islands studding its waters. An English tourist from Bristol, who had seen most of the Lakes in his own country, as well as in other parts of Europe, was in company. We were all disappointed at the first view, the expanse of water being small, and broken up as it is by small islands. A marshy and weedy margin, which borders its eastern shore, also detracts greatly from its beauty. The mountain scenery, illuminated as some of the peaks were with the declining sun, while others were enveloped in clouds, struck us very favorably. It is proper to remark in this place, that our examinations in detail have corrected the first impression, and satisfied us, that Killarney deserves the celebrity it has acquired, though not the extravagant and high-wrought panegyrics of Weld and some other tourists.

From this point, the most prominent objects which arrest the attention, are the mountains of Mangerton, Turk, Eagle's Nest, Tomies, McGilly-Cuddy's Reeks, and others, which rise in succession along the southern shore of the lake, or rather between the upper and lower lake? The last mentioned of these hills which is the highest in Ireland, is about 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. As its location is near the Atlantic, and in a climate remarkable for its degree of moisture, its top is almost perpetually girt with clouds, as are also the summits of the others. We have been here two fair days, without seeing the apex of one or two of them. Among these hills, the lakes are embosomed, being three in number, the lower, the middle, and the upper, connected by narrow straits, navigable by small boats, and over which at several points bridges are thrown. The whole length of the lakes in the direction they are navigated, is eight or ten miles. In addition to these great natural features, which are bold and strongly marked, so far as it regards the mountains, there are many works of art around the shores of the lake, such as Ross Castle, the grounds of Muckross Abbey, and the ruins of Aghadoe. Some of the islands are also picturesque. The largest and most beautiful of them is Inisfallen.

After gazing for a time at the outlines of the scene, we commenced a ramble along the shore of the lower lake, towards Ross Castle, at the eastern end. It is in itself a fine ruin, but has been spoiled as an object of taste, by the erection of a large modern wing to it, occupied as a barrack and resembling a hospital. The ancient part is beautifully mantled with ivy, to the very top, which is about eighty feet. We climbed to the summit through a dark winding stair-way, and over crumbling arches. In the upper part of it is a large hall, in a tolerable state of preservation, called O'Donoghoe's Ball Room, through which the song of the minstrel, and the voice of merriment once rang. O'Donoghoe was an ancient chieftain of Kerry, celebrated for his prowess, his hospitality and popularity among the Irish. You meet his name at every spot on the shores of these lakes. One of the islands is called O'Donoghoe's Prison. He used to confine some of his captives upon it. Another is denominated O'Donoghoe's Library; and a curious rock, of a grotesque form is called O'Donoghoe's horse-drinking, from the striking similarity, which it bears to such an object. There is a tradition here, that when the storm descends from the mountains and whitens the waves of the lake with foam, O'Donoghoe is seen riding upon the waters, still lingering about his favorite abode.

From Major Long's Expedition.

STORY OF AMPATO SAPA.

This beautiful spot in the Mississippi, (Falls of St. Anthony,) is not without a tale to hallow its scenery, and heighten the interest which, of itself, it is calculated to produce. To Wazekota, an old Indian, we are indebted for the narration of the following transaction, to which his mother was an eye-witness. An Indian of the Dacota nation had united himself early in life to a youthful female, whose name was Ampato Sapa, which signifies the *dark day*—with her he lived happily for several years, apparently enjoying every comfort which the savage life can afford. Their union had been blessed with two children, on whom both parents doted with that depth of feeling which is unknown to such as have other treasures besides those that spring from nature. The man had acquired a reputation as a hunter, which drew around him many families, who were happy to place themselves under his protection, and avail themselves of such part of his chase as he needed not for the maintenance of his family. Desirous of strengthening their interest with him, some of them invited him to form a connexion with their family, observing at the same time, that a man of his talent and importance required more than one woman to wait upon the numerous guests whom his reputation would induce to visit his lodge. They assured him that he would soon be acknowledged as a Chief, and that, in this case, a second wife was indispensable. Fired with the ambition of obtaining high honors, he resolved to increase his importance by an union with the daughter of an influential man of his tribe. He had accordingly taken a second wife, without having ever mentioned the subject to his former companion. Being desirous to introduce his bride into his lodge, in the manner which should be least offensive to the mother of his children, for whom he still retained much regard, he introduced the subject in these words:—"You know," said he, "that I can love no woman so fondly as I doat upon you. With regret, have I seen you, of late, subjected to toils, which must be oppressive to you, and from which I would gladly relieve you, yet I know no other way of doing so, than by associating with you in the household duties one who shall relieve you from the trouble of entertaining the numerous guests, whom my growing importance in the nation collects around me. I have therefore resolved upon taking another

wife; but she shall always be subject to your control, as she will always rank in my affections second to you." With the utmost anxiety, and the deepest concern, did his companion listen to this unexpected proposal. She expostulated in the kindest terms, entreated him with all the arguments which undisguised love and the purest conjugal affection could suggest. She replied to all the objections which his duplicity led him to raise. Desirous of winning her from her opposition, the Indian still concealed the secret of his union with another, while she redoubled all her care to convince him that she was equal to the task imposed upon her. When again he spoke on the subject, she pleaded all the endearments of their past life—she spoke of his former fondness for her, of his regard for her happiness and that of their mutual offspring, and bade him beware of the consequences of this fatal purpose of his. Finding her bent upon withholding her consent to this plan, he informed her that all opposition on her part was unnecessary, as he had already selected another partner; and that if she could not see his new wife as a friend, she must receive her as a necessary incumbrance, for he had resolved that she should be an inmate in his house. Distressed at this information she watched her opportunity, stole away from the cabin with her infants, and fled to a distance where her father was. With him she remained until a party of Indians with whom he lived went up the Mississippi on a winter hunt. In the Spring as they were returning with their canoes, loaded with peltries, they encamped near the falls. In the morning as they left it, she lingered near the spot, then launched her light canoe, entered into it with her children, and paddled down the stream, singing her death song. Too late did her friends perceive it—their attempts to prevent her from proceeding were of no avail—she was heard to sing in a doleful voice, the past pleasures which she had enjoyed, while she was the undivided object of her husband's affection—finally her voice was drowned in the sound of the cataract—the current carried down her frail bark with inconceivable rapidity—it came to the edge of the precipice, was seen for a moment enveloped with spray, but never after was a trace of the canoe or its passengers seen! Yet it is stated by the Indians that often in the morning a voice had been heard to sing a doleful ditty along the edge of the fall, and that it dwells ever upon the inconstancy of her husband. Nay, some assert that her spirit has been seen wandering near the spot with her children wrapped to her bosom. Such are the tales or traditions which the Indians treasure up, and which they relate to the voyager, forcing a tear from the eyes of the most relentless.

From Ackerman's Repository.

THE PINCH OF SNUFF.

It is now many years since, a widow of about twenty, who had some business at Brussels, stopped for a short time at a hotel in that city. She dined at the *table d'hôte*, and generally spent a part of the evening in the public room. This youthful widow, whose name was Dorval, was precisely that sort of a person whom the men all adore, and the women abuse. The former declared she was the loveliest and most bewitching of creatures; and the latter vowed she had not the smallest claim of beauty. Whatever were her claims, however, one thing is certain, the coldest hearts found her irresistible. Her slight but finely rounded form, though too petite for dignity, was a model of grace. Her features could not boast the cold regularity which, in the critic's eye, constitutes beauty; but the brilliancy of her complexion, the varied expressions of her sparkling eyes, and the bewitching archness of her smile, rendered her a dangerous object to a man of sensibility. She had only been a few days at the hotel, when an English gentleman chanced to dine at the public table. He was struck at the first glance with her charms, and being well acquainted with foreign manners, he thought he might address himself rather freely to a lady whom he found at a *table d'hôte*. He complimented her—she replied with spirit, but with becoming reserve. The Englishman, whom we shall call *Milborne*, became every moment more fascinated. Puzzled, however, by the apparent inconsistency in her situation and manners, he asked if she would accompany him to the theatre; she refused in a tone which showed plainly that she considered the proposal an insult. "Very well," cried Milborne, pulling out an elegant snuff-box, "then you shall take a pinch of snuff." "I never take a pinch of snuff, sir," cried the widow, turning up her little nose, with an air of ineffable disdain. "So much the worse, madam; you lose one of the greatest pleasures in life. I have tried all sorts of enjoyments; one thing fatigued, another disgusted me; this pleasure brought repentance, and that satiety. At last I determined to look out for something of which I should not tire. It suddenly struck me that in my fits of vexation and ennui, I had found occasional relief from a pinch of snuff; so I became a snuff-taker five years ago, and from that time to the present I have had no ennui. Come, madam, let me advise you to try my remedy for this distemper, with which we are all visited more or less."

"I have no occasion for it," replied the lady, coldly. "I am not troubled with ennui, and if I

Some write for money, and some write for rage;
I write a Couplet just to fill a page.

were, I should think there are better means of dispelling it." "Name them, Madam, if you please." "Reading, reflection, the offices of benevolence, the pleasure of society." "Ah, Madam, I have tried all that; reading set me to sleep; reflection made my head ache; benevolence I own is pretty well, but one cannot occupy one's self in that way from morning till night; as to the pleasures of society, I have been cheated by one half of my acquaintance and laughed at by the other. I am therefore not very favorably disposed to mankind. So you see, Madam, I have nothing left for it but to amuse myself in this way;" and opening his snuff-box he took a pinch and presented it to her.

Thoroughly provoked at what she considered unpardonable rudeness, she rose to leave the room. "Nay, Madam," cried Milborne, "you must not go in anger." "I am not angry, Sir," cried the lady, then trying to disengage her hand, which he had taken hold of. "You forgive me, then?" "Yes," replied she, but not in the most placid tone in the world. "Very well, then, to prove that you don't bear malice, take a pinch of snuff."

At these words the widow's patience and temper both forsook her, she burst into tears. Some of the gentlemen present then advanced, and one of them, Compe de S—, asked Milborne in a haughty tone what he meant by insulting the lady. The Englishman immediately took fire: he replied in a tone of defiance which frightened Madam Dorval. She endeavored to stifle the dispute, by protesting she was not offended; but the gentlemen were both too hot-headed to be easily pacified: they dissembled their resentment till the widow had left the room; but as soon as she did, the dispute was renewed. In a few minutes it rose to such a height that a meeting was arranged for the following morning; and thus for no greater cause than a lady's refusal to take a pinch of snuff; two men who were not destitute either of common sense or principle, so far in their anger forgot both, as to be guilty of the folly and impiety of risking their own, and seeking each other's life.

Both, perhaps repented when the challenge was given and accepted; but it was then, according to the notions of false honor, so prevalent among mankind, too late.—They retired to their respective apartments. Milborne wrote two or three letters and began to pace his room, deeply engaged in ruminating on the probable event of the approaching meeting.

Suddenly he fancied he smelt fire; he threw open the door of his chamber, and beheld the staircase involved in smoke.—His first thoughts were for others; he ran to the different apartments, vociferating 'Fire!' In a few moments every body in the house was alarmed—all hastened to escape—and Milborne, on going down stairs, found a greater part of the inmates assembled in the street before the door of the hotel. It was indeed time, for the flames were burning out in every direction. The first person whom Milborne saw was his antagonist.—'Heavens!' cried the Englishman, at sight of him, 'where is Madam?'—They looked eagerly around, she was not to be seen.

'Oh, Heavens!' exclaimed the landlord, 'she must be lost—see, her chamber is on fire.' 'A lazar quickly!' cried Milborne. 'We have none, and if we had it would be of no use, you would perish without being able to save her.' 'I will try, however,' cried Milborne, and breaking from his antagonist, who, shocked at the certain death to which he seemed devoting himself, caught hold of his arm, he rushed back into the flames.

'He will be lost!' exclaimed the by-standers. 'No, no!' cried Compe de S—, 'Providence will not suffer him to perish'—and he hastened in search of a ladder, which he recollected to have seen in the morning at a little distance from the hotel. He was fortunate enough to find it—in a few moments it was reared against the windows at which Milborne was seen with Madam in his arms.

'God be praised,' cried the Englishman frequently, as he descended with his lovely burden whom terror had deprived of her senses. 'God be praised!' was echoed by all present, with a feeling of mingled joy and terror, as they saw the floor of the apartment fall with a terrific crash. Milborne had found her lying insensible on her bed—he wrapped her in his arms and saved her from being burnt, but he was himself very much scorched. He delivered her to the care of the women, and it being ascertained that no lives were lost, the Compe hastened to convey her to her new lodging. She was at that moment perfectly capable of speaking, but she begged to be left in the morning. The gentlemen then separated to take some repose, but not before they had shaken hands in amity.

The next morning Milborne waited upon the widow. 'Ah! my preserver,' cried she, starting up as he entered, and clasping both his hands to hers, 'what shall I say to you? how can I thank you? how can I ever repay you?'—'Repay! nonsense, take a pinch of snuff,' cried Milborne in a tone of affected gaiety, which ill disguised the emotions the beautiful widow's fervent gratitude had called forth. My readers will believe that at this time she did not refuse. 'Don't you find it excellent indeed,' cried Milborne. 'Yes, excellent indeed,' replied she, when the fit of sneezing it occasioned had subsided. 'I thought,' said Milborne, in a tone of triumph, 'that you could be prevailed upon to taste it; but this is nothing; I have with me samples of all the different kinds of snuff that are used, and some which I have myself introduced, and had compounded under my own direction—you shall try them all.'

The widow perhaps, would rather have been excused from giving this proof of her gratitude;

but what could she deny to her deliverer? We do not know how far she became a connoisseur in snuff, for in a very few days Milborne found that his 'penchant' for it began to be superseded by another 'penchant'; in short the widow's fine eyes caused certain uneasy sensations which even his favorite amusement of snuff-taking could not dissipate. One day while he was sitting with her, she suddenly flew into a fit of abstraction; and his box, which he held in his hand, dropped upon the floor. 'How unlucky! you have spilled your snuff,' cried Madam Dorval, stooping to pick up the box. 'Never mind,' says Milborne, gently detaining her hands as she presented it to him; 'snuff is a good thing, but it is not a panacea for every care.'—'Indeed!' cried the widow archly, 'and pray when did you discover that?' 'Not until to-day; I have taken three times my usual quantity, in order to put you out of my heart: but I can't see clearly there is only one way to manage that matter satisfactorily. I must either marry you or run away from you. Now, my dear Madam which shall I do?' 'Run away, to be sure,' cried the widow;—but what signifies what a woman says when her eyes contradict her tongue?—Milborne trusted to the former and he was right; he pressed his suite with ardor: mutual explanation took place. The Englishman was a rich, whimsical, but noble-minded being.—The widow was virtuous, well born, but comparatively poor. No obstacle opposed a union which they mutually desired. In the course of two years after it had taken place, Milborne was the happy father of two lovely children, and the infantine caresses and the attention of his beautiful wife occupied him so completely, that he no longer felt enmity, and we are assured that his snuff-box was discarded.

FOREIGN.

FROM SIERRA LEONE—Africa.

Sierra Leone papers to the 2d April, report, that three vessels, under American colors, one the *General Winder*, of Baltimore, were then on the coast trafficking for slaves; the miscreants on board then taking advantage of the absence of the American cruisers from the coast, to violate the laws of God and their country.

Also, that a French cutter, the *Three Sisters*, of Martinico, lately took on board 132 slaves at Sherbar; but when out two days on her return home, the slaves rose and massacred all the crew but the captain and two men, whose lives they spared on condition of working the vessel to the nearest land; which they did, and the slaves were liberated at Sierra Leone. In this small vessel, measuring 48 feet in length, with 7 feet hold, no less than 132 human beings were stowed to be transported across the Atlantic!

LATEST FROM BUENOS AYRES AND BRAZIL.

By the ship *Panther*, which arrived at Providence on Friday, from Buenos Ayres, advices to the latter part of July have been received, which state that the war of the Patriots of the Banda Oriental against the Imperialists, is carried on with success. The forces of the former are stated to be about 3000, and those of the latter about 4000 men; but of the Imperialists 1300 are kept for the protection of Monte Video. The Patriots are generally stronger in the country, where they gain new advantages daily. By the last accounts received at Buenos Ayres, a detachment of 300 from the corps commanded by the Imperial General Abreu, had been so completely defeated by the Patriots, that only 27 men rejoined the main body.

The arrival of the deputies from the provisional government of Banda Oriental requesting the aid of the government of Buenos Ayres, together with the news that a corps of Brazilians had invaded the Provinces of Chiquitos in Upper Peru, and also the station of the Brazilian squadron in the outer roads of Buenos Ayres, had so inflamed the public mind and the Congress, that, (some time previous to the sailing of the *Panther*), the latter seemed ready to declare war, even in opposition to the Executive of the United Provinces, vested in the Government of the Province of Buenos Ayres. He gave in his resignation as Executive of the United Provinces, as under the then existing circumstances no longer compatible with the interest of his own Province.

This event, which would have thrown the nation into a State of anarchy, induced the Congress not to admit the resignation, and quieted in a measure, the opposition which had drawn the Executive Government to an account for their inactivity in preparing for war; notwithstanding that the Congress had as yet provided no National means or resources, but that the Province of Buenos Ayres had to provide for every thing. By a recent resolve of the Legislature of the Province, the Government had been authorized to apply to national purposes, \$500,000 out of the provincial treasury, and to supply 1500 men ordered by Congress to be placed on the Uruguay, until the other provinces might furnish their quota. No change in government had consequently taken place except that De Marcos Blacatee had taken the situation of minister of war instead of De La Cruz.

It was generally expected that the government of Buenos Ayres would try to prevent a war with the Imperial Government of Brazil until they could form a junction with General Bolivar, known to be on the road to the Upper United States, had left Buenos Ayres early in July, on a mission to him, and by letters dated early in June, it appeared that Gen. Sucre (Bolivar) near that city; where a Congress of the four Provinces of Peru was also to meet. By the same mail news was brought that the

division of troops detached by Sucre against the Brazilians, who had invaded Chiquitos, had arrived near Santa Cruz.

When the Brazilian squadron first arrived, it was confidently expected that war would take place immediately. But a correspondence commenced between Admiral Lobos and the Government of Buenos Ayres, in which the Admiral required explanation whether the insurrection of the Banda Oriental had been promoted by a body of men from Buenos Ayres—and respecting the abuse of the Imperial government by the public prints. On the Minister's requiring to see the Admiral's credentials, he acknowledged that he had none, except a letter of instructions. The Minister immediately refused to enter into any diplomatic correspondence with him, as derogatory to his government to give any explanation to a commander of an armed force, appearing in a hostile and threatening attitude—but repelled the charges of the Admiral, observing that the relation between the two governments would appear from the result of the mission which would be sent to Rio Janeiro. The Admiral denied that he appeared in hostility—but intimated his determination to keep his station, to prevent their furnishing supplies to the Patriots of Banda Oriental.

The Indians had recently made another incursion into the province of Buenos Ayres, but had been defeated with considerable loss. Several vessels with emigrants for agricultural and mining purposes, had arrived at Buenos Ayres from England. A company of merchants had applied for a charter and privileges to enlarge the port of Ensenada, to make a navigable canal from thence to the city of Buenos Ayres and to construct a dock.—*N. Y. Statesman.*

MEXICO, June 11.

By the last mail we have received news from Guatemala. From the Gazette we have made some extracts for our paper. Private letters say, that the disturbances at Nicaragua have been renewed; that the garrison which remained in Leon, the capital of that State, were attacked by the populace, and though the soldiers found means to protect themselves in their quarters, about 25 of them were assassinated before they could shelter themselves there. The Curate Mercado, who has either made himself, or has been made by the government of San Salvador, Bishop of that State, has taken possession of his chair in spite of the supreme government of the union, of the Archbishop and all. The Curates of his new Diocese have resisted him—many of them have been obliged to go away, and others have been carried prisoners to the capital. In the district of Tapalucha, which of right belongs to the State of Chiapas, but has been separated from that, and joined to Guatemala, the Curates having sworn to the Mexican Constitution have refused to swear to that of Guatemala; the authorities not daring to expatriate them, as it would have been necessary to do so with all of them. To bring them to subjection, Col. Pearson, (an emigrant from Porto Rico, who has been in Mexico, and has entered into the service of Guatemala,) has been appointed Commandant in that quarter. The Bishop of Nicaragua who resides in Guatemala, has made a declaration before Cascaras, the Comandant of that capital, stating that two Commissioners had gone to Mexico, to solicit a union of that State with our Republic. All these disturbances induced the President to solicit the Congress that all the national militia should be placed under the orders of the federal authorities, and that other resources should be placed at their disposal; all of which was refused, but subsequently they had been authorized to make a forcible loan, to be reimbursed by the first funds received on account of the loan contract in England, and also raise a force of *Caribes* to be employed in Nicaragua, with other incidental measures.

The Chiapas not only remain tranquil, but they go on organizing their government and projecting useful works, such as the opening a road to Tobasco, in order to give a vent by Villa-hermosa to the rich products of that State. Gen. Anaya had not yet arrived there, having been detained in Oajaca by a difficulty in procuring travelling beasts.

The Grand Ship Canal Company is organizing and going into operation in London, with the immense capital of four millions sterling, (\$17,777,777). Its object is to construct a canal through which ships of the line may pass from Portsmouth to London, without exposure to the delays and danger of the sea navigation around the Forelands, &c. Another Company, with a capital of £1,750,000, is incorporated for the construction of harbors and a ship canal, of 15 feet deep, by 90 in width, and 44 miles long, from Seaton Bay in the English Channel to Bridgewater Bay in the Bristol Channel; considered as a highly advantageous and beneficial work. The Steam Navigation Company, for Atlantic and South American voyages, is also progressing. They propose to send a boat from the Thames, to Halifax and New-York, once a fortnight, to perform the voyage with certainty, and within two thirds of the usual time. Packets will also sail regularly to the West Indies and South America. This is braving the violence of those elements from which the canal companies are providing the means of escape by retreating.—*N. Y. Statesman.*

A monster, who took his trial a few weeks since, for the murder of his father, underwent the dreadful sentence of the law on the 17th May, at Amiens. The culprit was a young man, not 25 years of age. He was seated in a cart, his back turned to the horse, his hair cut off, his feet bare, and his neck and shoulders also free from clothing, with the exception of a black thick veil that covered him to the waist, as a man unworthy to behold the light of Heaven—

he was supported by two persons. When he had mounted the scaffold, his right hand, which till that moment had been tied behind his back, was loosened; it was placed on a block, and the executioner, striking at the wrist with an axe, missed his aim, and only separated two or three fingers. The wretched culprit screamed with pain and terror; a second blow was struck, and the hand that had deprived a father of life fell mutilated among the crowd. The piercing cries of the parricide were terrific; they did not cease till the ponderous knife, falling upon his neck, left nothing but a headless trunk.—*London paper.*

DOMESTIC.

Worcester, Sept. 11.

Afflictive Providence.—On the 31st ultimo, the house of Mr. Nathan Jones, of Ashburnham, occupied by himself, and his son Ebenezer Jones, was consumed by fire. It commenced on the roof of the building, a little past noon. The men of the house were absent, and very little property was saved. The elder Mr. Jones was severely burned, although she remained in the house but a short time after the discovery of the conflagration.

In the afternoon of Sept. 1, Mr. Ebenezer Jones descended the well to obtain a bucket. He placed it on a hook, let down by Mr. Jonathan Wood, who drew it out; but before it was fully withdrawn, Jones was heard to fall into the water. Mr. Wood immediately followed to rescue his friend, and, after having arrived at the foot of the well, was observed to stoop, apparently to raise Mr. Jones; but he immediately fell! A cry of distress soon brought several persons to the place, one of whom was let into the well by a chain secured around the body. He grasped Wood (who yet breathed, but seemed comatose,) but was unable to hold him. He then proposed to his friends above to loose his chain, and fasten it to Wood. At this moment, however, he felt a great dizziness, and an almost irresistible inclination to sleep, and in a faint voice requested to be drawn up. Two others were in like manner let into the well, but neither of them could remain a sufficient time to fasten a rope to either of the deceased.

The side of the well was directly under the sill of the house. The top was not more than sixteen inches in diameter, but it gradually widened to three or four feet. The oxygen of the well was undoubtedly extracted by the fire. Under ordinary circumstances, the air might have become respirable in twenty-four hours; but the smallness of the aperture, and the heat in the well, as it was divided from the cellar by a column of stones only, sufficiently explain the fatal impurity and rarity of the atmosphere, at the time of their descent.

The well was eighteen feet deep, and contained but two feet of water. Frequent attempts were made to let down a candle, but the light was invariably extinguished, if it came within six feet of the water. The bodies were drawn up, by means of hooks, at ten o'clock in the evening.

Accidents of the above distressing nature, are not unfrequent; and they should teach every one, never to enter a well or vault, without previously letting down a lamp. If the air will support the flame, it is safe to follow; but if otherwise, death would be inevitable!

Mr. Wood was 52 years of age; Mr. Jones 36. Their untimely death is deeply deplored, not only by their bereaved families, but by all who knew them.—*Spy.*

Arson.—On the morning of the 8th inst. the elegant and commodious dwelling-house of Col. Joseph Valentine of Hopkinton, with the wood-house and shed adjoining, were consumed by fire, with nearly all their contents. The loss exclusive of insurance is estimated at about \$6000. There is no doubt of its being the work of an incendiary. It was first discovered about three o'clock, and it spread so rapidly that some of the children were rescued with difficulty from the flames, by being taken out at the windows. The fire appeared to have been first kindled in some straw in the chamber of the shed. Col. Valentine was unwell at the time, and was, together with his wife, absent from home at the Springs, in a distant part of the town.

This is the third building destroyed by incendiaries in the same vicinity within a short time past. The other two were barns, one of which belonged to Col. Valentine.

Two persons, suspected of committing this diabolical act, have been arrested and extended, one of whom, a woman, has been committed to jail for trial, and the other is discharged.

Dysentery. We have received the following statement, which we deem of sufficient importance to be laid before our readers, as many of our towns are deeply afflicted with this distressing malady: In a village of this State, during the month of July, there were eleven cases of dysentery: the patients were attended by two physicians—six by one and five by the other. Of the first six the whole were cured; and the five of the second all died. The successful physician administered rhubarb and other mild diabetics, applied brandy, or other spirit, mustard seed, &c. externally to the bowels, and kept the patient cool by a variety of applications. He who was unsuccessful pursued a contrary course, applying astringents internally, such as opium and other medicines calculated to produce heat to the body.—*N. H. Post.*

New-Branswick.—The scarcity of water at St. John's, (New-Branswick,) was, on the 20th ult. so great, that the most serious consequences were apprehended. The springs and wells were all dry. Prayers for rain were fervent, and serious appeals were made to Providence for rain.

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THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1825.

THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS for the County of Oxford, commenced its September Term on Tuesday last. Present, Justice WHITMAN; his charge to the Grand Jury was clothed in that elegance of language and purity of diction peculiar to him, and possessed that information necessary to guide and enlighten the jury in their arduous task. We understand the number of new entries are not so many at this, as at most of the previous Terms.

ISAAC H. CURTIS, Esq. was admitted as Attorney at said Court, the present Term.

VOTES FOR SENATORS.

	Holland,	Denmark,	Holland,	Ypsilanti,	Sauquoit,
In our last,	010	252	441	304	261
Rochester,	29	25	18	10	21
No. 4,	25	25	1	29	28*
Brownfield,	35	25	1	29	28*
Denmark,	108	50	7	7	55*
Porter,	40	40	7	7	16
Berlin,	16	14	14	14	27
Sweden,	41	14	14	14	27
	908	416	467	347	408

* These votes were for Gen. James Steele.

INSPECTION AND REVIEW.—The 1st Regiment in the 1st Brig. under the command of Col. H. R. PARSONS, met on Monday last, for general review and inspection. The day was fine; and the troops, by their correctness in performing military evolutions, did honor to themselves and their respective officers. The Independent Companies attached to the Regiment evinced an improvement beyond the most sanguine expectation of their warmest friends; and with a little more spirit with regard to a uniform, &c. in future, they would appear worthy of the name, 'Independent.' The appearance of the troops was somewhat odd, owing to dispensing with the use of powder, which formerly made a great noise without any real advantage.

DULL TIMES.—As our State Election has passed and the rage for office is a little diminished, we hope it will not be deemed altogether impertinent, for us to just drop a few remarks upon the dull times, as they pass heavily along. Formerly in the midst of political excitement many a *raw-boned ranting fellow*, who had no qualification for the office he professed to espouse, except a real without knowledge, has been known to be promoted to office, and all his associates said *amen*. By-and-by the political wind changed, and away he was hurled into his former insignificance, and forgotten, or remembered only with taunts and bickerings at his former *greatness*; while another, as great an ignoramus as his predecessor was seated on the political throne. Thus while one party held the reins and endeavored to drive over or run down the other, and the other as busily employed in *trigging* the wheels and flinging obstacles in their way; some more cunning than the rest, would mount behind the dominant party, and by sleight of hand obtain the reins, and out the former possessors. They did not stop to inquire whether those who held offices of trust or profit had discharged them with honor and fidelity, but every effort was made by those not in office to turn out the others indiscriminately, whether their conduct was good, bad or indifferent. But the times have now changed, *changed indeed*; for *office-seekers* now, (and they are not scarce,) have no such political juggle whereby to accomplish their views. The *hue and cry* may be raised by a few discontented *factionists*, but they cannot avail any thing among men of sound reason, and a man will now retain his office until the people are convinced that he is no longer qualified. Such being the case in our government, the *uneasy* and *office hunting* have found out a new *mouse* ground; incumbents are *teased* or *frightened* into a dereliction of their offices, or coaxed to resign in *favor* of a friend; a *craving office-seeker* spies some *rat hole* by which he strives to *cast out* the incumbent, and by the assistance of a few *choice spirits* endeavors to seat himself in his chair. It would be useless for us to try to point out the thousand artifices employed to accomplish the *wonderful* manœuvre; some little informality is pointed out, some opinion in technical terms, or whether a *different* course would have been better, &c. &c., with many indirect hints, that Mr. A. B. or C. D. or some other great man would do much better to discharge the duties of the office held by such or such an one; and then you will hear the *thousand pities* that the public are not better served; that the *people* are in *duty* bound to look to these things and have them *corrected*. From these small beginnings proceed louder *gumblings* and complaints. Petitions are forwarded to the Executive or United States Government. (as the case may be,) accompanied with *exaggerated* statements which perhaps elicit an inquiry from the proper department into the conduct of some petty officer, and finally all ends in smoke. But not in the least discouraged they renew the attack, and finally after a succession of such warnings the officer *resigns*, and the object is effected.—It is not unfrequently the case that there is as much *manœuvring* and *stratagem* employed to disfranchise a man from some little office, the whole emolument of which is not worth a five dollar bill per ann. as Talleyrand would use in effecting a French Revolution; and all for no other purpose but that B. might scratch the five dollar bill away from A. But so it is; *buying and selling* is the order of the day. If a man wants an office, (and almost every man does,) he immediately bargains with another, saying, 'if you will *scratch my shoulder* I will *scratch your elbow*;' or in other words, 'if you will assist me to obtain such an office, I will help you to *eat one*.' So it goes; there is a set of political har-

pies, who are ever on the scout to hunt down their game, and when caught, they quarrel among themselves, and the division of the spoil is made at the point of the sword; and finally he who is most *dexterous* or has the most *cunning*, secures the prey.—It is to be lamented that there are not more offices, or less *extellent* candidates. It would be a good thing to have our State offices and officers like the company of militia in *Rhode Island* having *thirteen* officers and *one private*, whom they trained all day, and at night made him a *corporal*; then we should all be pleased. But as things are at present, some will be dissatisfied, let others do as they will.

At the recent election in Midol for Representative, Willard H. Woodbury, Esq. was elected by a majority of one vote over Jacob Hill, Esq. It is said that the election of Mr. Woodbury will be contested, on the ground that one or more votes were carried for him by *minors*. As to the truth of the statement we are ignorant; but we are informed that Minot is not the only town in which votes were given by minors. Ought not this subject to be looked to?

CANALS.—We learn by the *Eastern Chronicle*, that Professor DEAN of the Gardiner Lyceum, proposes to make a tour with the Scholars of the First Class in that Institution to survey the proposed route of the long-talked-of "Cobbescoote Canal." There can be no doubt that a canal may be made so as to unite the waters of the Kennebec and Androscoggin at a very moderate expense; and also, that the advantages which would accrue therefrom would be great. We are pleased to learn a survey of the route is likely to be made, &c.; but we fear we shall have to make our trips to the Kennebec by land, for some years to come—as it takes *money* to make canals; and people in this State who have it, are not over anxious to convert it to the use of the public.

It is stated by the Editors of the *National Intelligencer*, that Gen. LAFAYETTE received upwards of *four thousand* letters from different places, during his stay in the United States, desiring his assistance in procuring pensions for some of the Soldiers of the Revolution. These letters he will probably answer immediately after his arrival in France; as the time he spent here was principally occupied in travelling and receiving the congratulations of the citizens of the different places he visited.

EARLY FROST.—On the 17th and 18th instants, there was hoar frost in the vicinity of Philadelphia. In Quebec there was ice an eighth of an inch thick on the morning of the 2d instants.

NEWS.—The celebrated Capt. Symmes is about to make a *tour* to the Eastern States for the purpose of giving lectures on his favorite hypothesis, 'that the earth is hollow.' There is no doubt he will have full houses, and make money; for the more absurd the theory, the more patronage a man gets.

DEDICATION.—The Meeting-house lately erected in East Livermore, by the Universalists, Methodists and other denominations of Christians, was, on the 8th inst. dedicated to the worship of God. An able and interesting discourse was delivered by Rev. GEORGE BATES; from St. John iv. 23—"But the hour is coming, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." Rev. Mr. ATWELL and Rev. Mr. HAYES were present, and took part in the services. The Music was excellent; and the performances throughout were solemn, appropriate, and impressive; manifesting a spirit of liberality and benevolence that does honor to the Christian profession.

The following Hymn composed by FRANCIS F. HAINES, Esq. was sung on the occasion:

1. O, GOD! to Thee, fair world we bring
A grateful tribute—while we sing
Thy heavenly love and wondrous grace
That gives our souls a RESTING-PLACE—
2. May constant FAITH our souls inspire,
And HOPK wake up the holy fire,
May CHARITY, fair Maid of Light,
Dispel Contention's gloomy night.
3. Help us to worship in Thy fear—
To tread Thy courts with reverence here;
Unite us in the bands of love,
On earth to meet—to reign above.
4. This house is reared for prayer and praise;
O, meet us here, ANCIENT OF DAYS—
And sanctify this earthly place
With special show'rs of heavenly grace—
5. Help us to Thee, thou Good and Great,
Ourselves and house to dedicate;
May Zion's Heralds here proclaim
The SAVIOUR'S love—the SAVIOUR'S name.
6. Here from our minds be earth withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
May we enjoy that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it, knows.

The following Hymn, composed by Rev. ALVIN DINSMORE, was also sung:

1. Oh! King of Heaven, whose boundless sway
Infinite worlds and realms obey!
While angels bow before Thy throne,
And all Thy matchless glories own—
2. To Thee Thy children, by Thee blest,
Have reared this house of heavenly rest:
Here may Thy love our hearts inspire,
And warm our souls with holy fire.
3. Here may Thy glory be displayed,
In light of Heaven, without a shade;
To call from earth the mind away,
While here we "sing and praise and pray."
4. May virtue here her charms unfold,
More brilliant than the purest gold;
More pleasing to the enraptured mind,
Than all the joys of earthly kind.
5. May Charity like dew distill—
With harmony each bosom fill:
Oh! may this grace which never dies,
Unite all hearts in lasting ties.
6. Oh! may Thy truth, with power divine,
Live in our hearts—and glow, and shine—
Till from this earth we pass away,
—TO BRIGHTER ANDES OF ETERNAL DAY.

MAINE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of this Society holden at Brunswick the day preceding Commencement, the following officers were chosen:

Dr. ARIEL MANN, of Hallowell, President,
Samuel Emerson, of Kennebunk, 1st V. President,
Isaac Snell, of Winthrop, 2d V. President,
James McKean, of Topsham, Corresponding Sec.
Benjamin D. Bartlett, of Bath, Rec. Secretary.
Censors.—Samuel Emerson, Isaac Snell, Isaac Little, and Caleb Emery.

COUNSELLORS.
Lot Myrick, Nobleboro',
Moses Shaw, Wiscasset,
Th. H. Merrill, Boothbay,
Stephen Cummings, Portland,
John A. Hyde, Freeport,
Peter Whitney, Gray,
Joseph Gilman, Wells,
Burley Smart, Kennebunkport,
Moses Sweet, Parsonsfield,
Peleg Benson, Winthrop,
Wm. Payson, Vassalboro',
John Barker, Wilton,
Samuel Holland, Canton,
Cornelius Small, Jay,
Oliver Griswold, Fryeburg,
James Bowen, Bloomfield,
James Bates, Norridgewock,
Joseph L. Stephens, Castine,
Josiah Prescott, Belfast,
Gilman G. Burley, Dexter,
Samuel Ayer, Lubec.

VASSALBORO' BANK.—We understand that the Stockholders of this Bank have chosen for Directors, Messrs. Artemas Leonard, Joseph Southwick, William H. Britton, Jacob Southwick, and Isaac Leonard. The board of directors has appointed Mr. ARTEMAS LEONARD, of Hallowell, President, and JOSEPH R. ANTON, Esq. of Vassalboro', Cashier. The first deposit of specie will be made in October, agreeably to the provisions of the charter.—*Hal. Gas.*

EAGLE BANK.—In consequence of reports from New-York, unfavorable to the solvency of the Eagle Bank at New-Haven, we understand the Banks in Boston have declined, for the present, taking their bills. *Bos. Stats.*

Notice to Revolutionary Officers and Soldiers.—The unpensioned Revolutionary Officers and Soldiers are notified that the subscriber will meet them at the times and places hereafter named, for the purpose of obtaining their signatures to the Petition to Congress for relief on account of their privations on the service, and depreciation of paper money, pursuant to the resolve of the meeting of Revolutionary Soldiers holden at Haverhill on the 8th day of Sept. inst. viz: At Newburyport, at Caldwell's Hotel, on Monday the 3d day of October next, at 11 o'clock A. M. At Ipswich, on the same day, at Treadwell's, at 4 o'clock P. M.

At Salem, on Tuesday the 4th Oct. at 11 o'clock A. M. at the Lafayette Hotel.
At Lynn Hotel, same day, at 4 o'clock.
At Boston, on Wednesday the 5th Oct. at 11 o'clock A. M. at the Exchange Coffee House.

JOHN CHASE, Chairman of the Meeting holden at Haverhill.

Died.

At his residence in Dresden, on the 10th inst. the venerable EMANUEL BATES, Esq. aged 86. He was born at Lexington (Mass.) Aug. 1739, and there acquired early habits of industry and virtue. For many years he was High Sheriff of the County of Lincoln, and performed the duties of that high and respectable office with intelligence and faithfulness. With locks bleached by time and vicissitude, he exhibited the hoary head found in the way of righteousness, and was truly patriarchal in appearance, character and piety. Though dead, he yet speaks in the counsels he gave, in the examples he set, and in the spirit of piety he cherished.
In Brownfield, Mr. Henry Howard, aged 37.
In Roxbury, Mrs. Abigail Prentiss, relic of the late Mr. Nathaniel Prentiss, of Cambridge, aged 81.

Drawing on Saturday next.
A few TICKETS for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, in the CUMBERLAND and OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY. Sept. 29.

ADMINISTRATORS' SALE.

TO BE SOLD at PUBLIC VENDUE at the dwelling-house of the late STEPHEN ROBINSON, in Paris, by order of the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Thursday the 13th of October next, at nine o'clock, A. M. for the payment of debts, a part of the Personal Estate of said Robinson;—viz:—

3 valuable three year old COLTS—1 yearling do.—1 yoke of OXEN—1 four year old OX—1 three year old STEER—and 4 COWS; (said oxen, Steer, and Cows, are good Beef).—Also, 4 good COWS—2 HEIFERS—1 yoke of two year old STEERS—2 two year old BULLS—2 SHEEP—3 SWINE—30 bushels of WHEAT—100 do. of CORN—120 do. of OATS—2 new single SLEIGHS—1 old four-wheeled CARRIAGE—a quantity of PLANK for Cart-Felloes—a lot of Plank and Heading for Barrels—a quantity of BOARDS, PLANK, and JOIST—a lot of WAGON SPOKES—100 lbs. of good OLD CIDER—50 do. of VINEGAR—1 doz. MOROCCO SKINS—2 cwt. NAIL PLATES and RODS—6 bushels of PEAS and BEANS—a quantity of Sheep's WOOL—and a quantity of CLOVER CHAFF.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.
All purchases of \$10 and under, Cash; all over 10 and under \$20, in thirty days; all over \$20, on the first day of January next, with undoubted security on interest.

JEMIMA ROBINSON, Administrators.
LEVI WHITMAN, }
Paris, Sept. 28, 1825. is3w65

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against giving any credit or making any contracts with ZEBEDEE DELANO, now residing in Peru, in the County of Oxford; as he was, some years since, adjudged by the Hon. Court of Probate, for said County, to be non compos mentis, and put under guardianship for that cause, and remains under guardianship for the same reason to this time. JOHN GIBBS, Guardian.
Livermore, Sept. 26, 1825. 65

TYROCINIC ADELPHI.

THE Members of the Tyrocinic Adelpi, are notified, that their next Anniversary will be celebrated on Wednesday the 10th day of October next. An Oration will be pronounced before the Society by brother BEZAKEL CUSHMAN, A. M. of Portland. The procession will form at half past nine o'clock, A. M.

LEANDER S. TRIPP, Secretary.
Hobron Academy, 17th Sept. 1825.
The Exhibition of the Academy will be in the afternoon of the same day. 64

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

ASA BARTON,
AGENT.

BEING about to alter his line of business, will sell the residue of the GOODS which he has now on hand at cost, and some articles even *less*! if applied for immediately.

—THE STOCK CONSISTS OF—

Shirts—Ginghams—Checks—Yarns—Threads—Calicoes—Muslins—Dimities—Irish Linens—British Shirtings—Caroline Plaids—Silk, Valencia and other Vestings—Bombazines—Jeans—Nankins—Red, Green and Yellow Flannels—Ladies' Worsteds and Cotton Hose—Handkerchiefs—Berky, White and Fancy Cravats—Gentlemen's and Ladies' Gloves—Laces—Insertings—Ruffs—Swiss Muslin, and Merino Points.

—A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF—

Ribbons—Zelias and Fancy Handkerchiefs—Tapes—Floss, Changeable and other Silks—Crape Dresses—Canton Crapes—Gauze Veils—Black Silk Laces—Quality Bindings—French Braids—Pocket Books—Ladies' Wallets—Memorandum Books—Purses—Clasps—Scissors—Pen and Jack Knives—Razors—Table and Tea Spoons—Carving Knives and Forks—Block Tin Tea Pots—Pocket Looking Glasses—Buttons, &c. &c.

Be Particular.

ALL persons indebted to the Oxford Bookstore, either by Note or Account, (whose term of credit has expired,) for Goods or Books, are requested to make immediate payment—as all demands of this description must be closed without delay.
Paris, Sept. 15th.

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

SYLVESTER JONES,

late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, Gentleman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to
BARNUM JONES.
Turner, Sept. 16, 1825. 64*

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

DAVID SESSIONS,

late of Andover-surplus, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to
JOHN MERRILL.
Bethel, Sept. 13, 1825. 64*

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

DAVID MCWAIN,

late of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to
DAVID MCWAIN.
Waterford, Aug. 2, 1825. 64*

At a Court of Probate held at Livermore, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

SALLY THOMAS, of Hartford, named Executrix in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of NATHANIEL THOMAS, late of Hartford, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said SALLY THOMAS give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed, as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 64*

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford.

ABRAHAM HOWLAND and LYDIA HOWLAND, his wife, (and heirs of JACOB KINDER, late of Dixfield, deceased,) of Merion, in said County, respectfully represent that he is seized as an heir with others, in them unknown, in the real estate whereof JACOB KIDDER, late of Dixfield, in said County, Yeoman, died seized and possessed; that his portion of the same is in Common, which he is desirous of holding and possessing in severally. He therefore prays, that your Honor would grant a warrant to suitable persons, authorizing them to make a division of said estate, and set off to each heir his proportion in the same.

Dated this fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.
ABRAHAM HOWLAND,
LYDIA HOWLAND.

At a Court of Probate held at Dixfield, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

Upon the foregoing petition, ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of said petition with this order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, on the second Tuesday of October next, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy of the Petition and Order thereon.
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 64*

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers, appointed Commissioners, by the Honorable BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of EPHRAIM LINDSAY, late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice to all concerned, that we shall attend to the aforesaid service the last Saturdays of October and December next, at the House of Capt. PHILIP FAIRINGTON, in Fryeburg, from ten o'clock A. M. to six o'clock P. M. on said days.
EBEN FESSENDEN, Jr., } Commissioners.
THOMAS DAY, }
Fryeburg, Sept. 20, 1825. 64*

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER. COMPARISON.

You are like, Mr. Editor—like, let me think—
You are like to the man that sells victuals and drink;
Once a week to each people as please them to call,
And has only one board to accommodate all.

Your stomach, honest Yeoman will seldom refuse,
The plain beef and pudding of every-day news;
He's the last one to care how the dishes are set,
If they only contain what is whole and true to eat.
Of tick-nacks and sweetmeats he'll soon have enough,
Your rancorous stories—your poetry stuff;
But give him good dough-nuts, and every-day pies,
And he'll eat them, and laugh till there's tears in his eyes.

The well-dress'd pretender to learning and taste,
Will expect every thing in the best order plac'd.
Every knife, every fork, must be marshal'd by rule,
Even though while it's doing the dinner should cool.
Adamites, fricasces, they will suit to a tittle,
If 'tis only done nice he will crave but a little.
A quotation from Shakspeare, a few Latin phrases,
If selected with care, will insure you his praises.

Politicians have appetites wonderful keen,
They'll find meat upon spare-ribs pick'd ever so clean;
They'd devour the last crust of the fam'd tariff bill,
Swallow carcasses whole, and be hungrier still;
Though they'd starve upon dainties cook'd ever so nice.

If they fail'd to be tang'd with political spice.

Your lover of news must have every thing fresh,
Not a bit will he eat of salt meat, or salt fish;
He'll not relish your hash'd meat, a day or two old;
But would scorn a neat's tongue if it chanc'd to be cold.

He will long for your chickens ere out of the shell,
And hardly allow your poor pea-pods to fill.
So far from the market, though willing to suit,
'Twill hardly be possible always to do't.

Some will save their plates clean till you dish out
your pies—
A song, or short story, who marries or dies;
While others will like a black pudding the best,
Dreadful accidents, murders, and stories unbest,
About witchcraft and waggery, sea-serpents, and
creatures
With bodies like fishes, and woman-like features.

Some will turn up their noses at all you can give
them;
They'd be thought wondrous dainty, but never be-
lieve them.

Take note of such people, whenever they come;
'Tis a chance if they have a potatoe at home.

Candour scorning all rules that were ever invented,
All books upon cookery, that ever were printed,
Will not stop to inquire, if he likes what he eats,
If 'twas grown at the Southward, or sprung in your
streets;
But will dare to bepraise what shall please him the
best.

Whatever 'tis call'd, or however 'tis dress'd.
SIMILE.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

The airy morning breathed perfume;
The opening flowers unveil'd their bloom;
Up with the sun from short repose,
Young Henry cheerfully arose.

The milk-maid sang a merry tale;
The plough-boy whistled o'er the dale;
The cheerful lark sung on the spray,
To welcome the returning day.

He with a joyous heart serene,
To view the lovely morning scene,
Set forth to walk th' adjoining grove,
Where a playful beauty loves to rove.

Full blooming health his cheeks disclose,
Gay as the blooming blushing rose;
His voice all jollity and mirth,
As thus he walk'd the dewy earth.

But ah, how frail are all things here!
Tender, alas, the cord so dear,
Which holds all kindreds from the grave,
From which no earthly arm can save!

The rising sun roll'd up the sky,
But still he staid, they knew not why;
The day declined, 'twas almost night;
But still he staid, they knew not right.

His friends and neighbors feel alarm,
They fear he's met some fatal harm;
'They scour the wood with eager eye,
But none his image could descry.

Who would have thought the youth so dear,
Had to his end approach'd so near?
For thus it was, and of his fate
Are known no tidings to relate.

EDWIN.

VALENTINE.

AFFLICTING CIRCUMSTANCE.

Between William Kelly and Helena Hender-
son a tender attachment had subsisted for years.
Both resided in the Parish of Urr, and little an-
ticipating the calamity that followed, they, with
joyous hearts, fixed their wedding-day for Fri-
day week, 12th ult. A number of friends were
invited, and the ceremony was to be performed
at Mickle Dalbentle's. On the Thursday pre-
ceding, she became suddenly indisposed, and on
some one asking her to lie down a little, touch-
ingly replied, "Yes; but it must be in a soft
place, for oh! I feel as if I would never rise
again." In the course of the day, she be-
came worse, and a doctor having been sent
for, he declared the complaint to be of a seri-
ous nature, and indicated from the first his
fears as to the issue. Next morning the
wedding-party began to assemble; the worthy
clergyman also arrived; and then, alas! the
hour of joy was unexpectedly turned into
the house of mourning. The unhappy bride,
whose sands of life were well nigh run, was
humanely made aware of her situation; the
heart-broken bridegroom was also warned that
death was in the cup; and amidst the tears
and sobs of all present, they were mutually in-
terrogated whether, under such an awful dis-
position of Providence, the proposed cere-
mony should proceed or be delayed. A ques-
tion so trying, was perhaps, never put under
similar circumstances; and after communing
with their own hearts, the bride expressed a
wish to close her eyes as an affectionate wife.

the bridegroom to discharge the duty of a sor-
rowing widower, by laying the head of his be-
trothed in the grave. This resolution added
not a little to the agony of the scene; the
mournful party approached the couch of the
dying woman; the divine favor was most pa-
thetically invoked amidst many interruptions
from hearts that seemed ready to burst from
the bosoms they agitated; the bridegroom
grasped the burning hand that was languidly
extended in token of assent; the worthy clergy-
man pronounced a blessing, and in faltering
accents made those one, whom, in less than
twelve hours, death had severed and sundered
forever. We cannot dwell on what followed.
The eyes that affection had for a moment light-
ed, gradually waxed glazed and dim; the bride
died became the couch of death, and she,
who, but a day or two before, had been reject-
ing in the prospect of conjugal felicity, was
stretched a lifeless, but lovely corpse, before
many of the wedding party had resolution to
tear themselves from a scene so distressing.
Dunfries' Courier.

COTOPAXI.

This mountain is one of the loftiest of those
volcanoes of the Andes, which at recent epochs
have undergone eruptions. Notwithstanding it
lies near the equator, its summits are covered
with perpetual snows. The absolute height
of Cotopaxi is 18,876 feet, or three miles and
a half, consequently it is 2,622 feet, or half a
mile higher than Vesuvius would be, were that
mountain placed on the top of the peak of
Teneriffe! Cotopaxi is the most mischievous
of the volcanoes in the kingdom of Quito; and
its explosions the most frequent and disastrous.
The masses of scoria, and the pieces of rock
thrown out of this volcano, cover a surface of
several square leagues, and would form, were
they heaped together, a prodigious mountain.
In 1738, the flames of Cotopaxi rose to 3000
feet, or upwards of a half mile, above the brink
of the crater. In 1744, the roarings of this
volcano were heard at the distance of 600 miles!
On the 4th of April, 1760, the quantity of ash-
es ejected at the mouth of Cotopaxi was so
great, that it was dark till three in the after-
noon.

The explosion which took place in 1803,
was preceded by the sudden melting of the
snows which covered the mountain. For 20
years before, no smoke or vapor, that could be
perceived, had issued from the crater; but in
a single night, the subterranean fires became
so active, that at sunrise the external walls of
the cone, heated to a very considerable degree
of temperature, appeared naked, and the dark
color which is peculiar to vitrified scoria. At
the port of Guayaquil, "observes Humboldt,"
fifty-two leagues distant in a straight line from
the crater, we heard, day and night, the noise
of the volcano like the discharges of a bat-
tery! and we distinguished these tremendous
sounds even on the Pacific Ocean!!

The form of Cotopaxi is the most beautiful
and regular of the colossal summits of the high An-
des. It is a perfect cone, which, covered with
a perpetual layer of snow, shines with daz-
zling splendor at the setting of the sun, and
detaches itself in the most picturesque manner
from the azure vault above. This covering
of the snow conceals from the eye of the ob-
server, even the smallest inequalities of the
soil; no point of rock, no stony mass, pen-
etrating this coat of ice, or breaking the regu-
larity of the figure of the cone.

HABIT.

Will reconcile us to every thing but change,
and even to change, if it recur not too quickly.
Milton, therefore, makes his hell an ice-house,
as well as an oven, and freezes his devils, at
one period, but bakes them at another. The
late Sir George Staunton informed me, that he
had visited a man in India, who had committed
a murder, and in order not only to save his
own life, but what was of much more conse-
quence, his caste, he submitted to the penalty
imposed; this was, that he should sleep for
seven years on a bedstead, without any mat-
rass, the whole surface of which was studded
with points of iron resembling nails, but not
so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George
saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and
his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros,
but more calloused; at that time, however, he
could sleep comfortably on his "bed of thorns,"
and remarked, that, at the expiration of the
term of his sentence, he should, most probably,
continue that system from choice, which he
had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

From the Vermont Watchman.

"SHE WON'T STAY COURTED."

"Why don't you pay attention to some of
the pretty girls who look so invitingly as though
they would almost ask for a bean?" says an old
gentleman to his nephew, who was already on
the wrong side of thirty.

"Why, uncle," replies the nephew, "you
know that I always loved the girls; and that
in other years I courted some half a dozen of
them in succession. But while I was seriously
engaged in making preparations for marriage,
they were as seriously looking out for another
spark. It did no good, they would not stay courted."

"Ah, Bill," exclaims a successful candidate
at the altar of Hyman, "you always remind me
of the 'odd half of a pair of scissors.' You
have grown old and torpid by pressing the cold
bed of celibacy so long. Spruce up and take
a wife, and done with it."

"Rot 'em," retorts Bill, "you want to have
me jilted again, I suppose. I can't forget the
affair with Dorcasina Amelia Amanda Street-
yarn; it is impos- sible to imagine what a lov-
ing time it was, that snug bit of a courtship I
had with her. Amanda sighed so languidly,

sung so lovingly to me, and talked so sentimen-
tally about love, friendship and eternal constan-
cy, that I verily concluded she was all my own.
About that time I took a trip for six months,
or to see the world before I became bound for
life. Well, when I returned, Amanda had found
a new sweet-heart. She now looked askew at
me, as much as to say, 'your cake is dough.'

"Report goes, Jack, that you've put some-
body's nose out of joint," whispers one crony
to another, in a very confidential way, "but
that's inter nos. Now I advise you to strike
when the iron is hot.—Remember!—Once, she
didn't stay courted."

"Is this true?" soliloquises my friend with
the martial air and wide ruffe, "then it stands
me in hand to look out, else my Dulcinea will
slip through my fingers. For though I throw
myself in her way as often as convenient—fol-
low hard after her in the meeting-house, yet
it is possible she may not stay courted, for all
that."

Ladies, it is even so! Cases for "Breach of
Promise," have become very fashionable with
your sex. Supposing the fashions should alter,
and young men should take it into their heads
to sue the ladies, what would be the conse-
quence? "Why I should have business enough,"
exclaims a lawyer, the specific gravity of whose
purse would never hinder him from flying
away in a high gale.

[We copy the following toasts from the *Edenton*
(N. C.) Gazette. The editor observes, that they "are
not without their point," and he seems to think them
"decidedly superior to those of their sable brethren
of the North." Two of them we are aware will not
exactly suit our political friends in this State; but
they contain too much real wit to be, for that reason,
omitted.—*Hudson Gazette.*]

1. President of de Unites Tates—Hold fast,
Massa Johnny while you got 'em: bird in 'e
hand wof two in 'e bush—Don't you let de lek-
shun go back to de peoples.

Song—Ha, ha, ha, Yankee know nuf for dat.

2. Sekretary ub State—Sarten Massa Clay
you shuffle de card for some purpose dis time
—well, 'tis no use, white folks is mighty cunning
—I hab seen pipe made ob Clay—pot made ob
Clay—jug made ob Clay—but neber since I
bin born did I see Sekretary made ob Clay be-
fore.

Song—O'd Kaintuckee huntsman live pun sweet
potatur,

For he's haf an hbrse, un haf allegator.

3. General Jackson—Mine yourselves boys,
kover your ears, un look sharp—he kum agin
afore long—you don't forgit how he fought in
de house, un out de house—war or peace, he
fight like man, he fought to kill, un he no fool
at riting nudder.

Song—Old Hickory foreber, he take de first heat yet.
4. De Georgy Gubbenor, Massa Troup—He
hell for Injuns, he debbil for niggurs—He mad
do like fool wid Uncle Sam, spit in he face, kick
'im behind, kurse 'im before—mine yourself
boy, you wake some ob dese mornins wid rope
round your neck.

Song—Too much larin make he mad!
Too much pride make he fool.

5. Nort Karolina—Poor feller, you nebbor
do much I fear'd. White man hab one poor
negur, he set pun de fence in de shade, for see
him negur work but no work heself—Hab too
much brandy, too much whiskee at de lekshuns
—all talk, all noise, no work. I most sick wait-
ing for better times.

Song—O, Lord! I wish I had't kum here,
If I nebbor had a kum here,
I nebbor should ha' bin here.

6. Massa Krawford un de kaukus mans—
You thought you was goin to ketch de weazles
all asleep, hey! but top a bit, you knock your
head 'ginst de post, un down you cum.

Song—We got de possum up a gum tree.

7. Massa Capt. Porter—He too hot, he too
hot: he must be kool some how or udder—Gib
him kuppel fine ship, and send him to de Nort
Pole, to hunt for Captain Symmes's hole 'mong
de ice, I bound him keep kool dare.

Song—In de battle heat,
Den Porter had to beat.

8. De Navy—Top him now Uncle Sam;
don't go too far, too many ships play de deb-
bil bime by,—keep de men pun de land for
hoe corn.

Song—Mind John Cannoe how you go,
Press-gang kum, I told you so.

9. Gubner Clinton—Dats de man arter all;
he wof fortce million Georgy Gubner.

Song—Hail to de chief who wid trumpets advances.
10. Party Sperrit—De old one most dead I
think—worse one kumin, I fear'd—Watch out,
Uncle Sam; hang de first regue—black or white,
Gubner or cobbler, who talks about takin up
arms for brake de Union: him do no wrong ar-
ter dat, and dat will make him friens look afore
dey hump.

Song—Hail Columbia! happy land!

11. De Fare Seck—black and white—God
make um all. Bukra man lob um too, else you
no see sich heaps of mulattos all troo de States.

Song—O, my bonny Bet! sweet blossom.

12. Poor ole Ddenton—Notten flourish here
now, but nigga chilluns and Mettedis meetin
house!—wid all de preech an all de nigga
chilluns, I no see de fokes get any better.

Arter dat, kumpany all go home in peace and
harmony. Pleas put dis in your paper, Massa
Willis to 'blige poor ole kuller man, on de
next time I kill him fat beef in de mar-h, you
hab good big piece, 'pend 'pon it.

DAVE ONINGTON.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE.

WILL be sold by order of the Judge of Probate
for the County of Oxford, on Saturday the
tenth day of December next, at the Inn of JAMES COFFIN,
in Porter, at ten of the clock, A. M. all the Real
Estate which JAMES COFFIN, late of Porter afore-
said, Esq. died seized and possessed in said Porter,
JANE COFFIN.

Porter, Sept. 17, 1835.

ASA BARTON,

AGENT,

AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

HAS for sale a good assortment of BIBLES and
TESTAMENTS, Watts', Winchester's, Collyer's,
Smith & Jones', and Springer's HYMN BOOKS.

—ALSO—

Life of James Otis—Thatcher's Journal of the Amer-
ican Revolution—Morse's Annals of the Revolution—
Works of the late Robert Treat Paine—Porter's Journal
in the Pacific Ocean—Chateaubriand's Recollections—
Humboldt's History of New Spain—Bracken-
ridge's History of South America—Park's Journal—
History of Maine—Ecclesiastical Sketches of Maine—
Hobhouse's Travels in Albania—Tonga Islands—La-
trobe's Visit to South Africa—Robertson's History of
America—Johnson's Travels, &c. &c.

—LIKEWISE—

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
SCHOOL AND CLASSICAL BOOKS,
used in this section of the State.

—TOGETHER—

WITH MOST ARTICLES IN THE STATIONARY LINE.

All of which he has instructions to sell at the low-
est prices for cash, or good CLEAN
COTTON AND LINEN RAGS.
Paris, Sept. 23.

FOR SALE,

CENTRALLY situated in Turner Village, about one
half acre of LAND, lying between the main road
running through said Village and Twenty Mile River.
Together with an elegant two-story DWELLING
HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LAKES
STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL on
WATER. Said Stand is a rare chance for any Me-
chanic, being the centre of the town, and situated
near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carding-
machine, Oil-mill, Felling-mill, &c. It also affords a good
stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers will do
well to call and see for themselves; and as the
subscriber is about closing his business to remove
from town, they may depend upon very fair terms
and pay made easy. Those who calculate to pur-
chase, are wished to call before the first of October,
as the property if not sold before that time, will be
disposed of in a different manner.

ISAAC BONNEY, 21.

Turner Village, August 8, 1835. 41 58

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAYER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings,
Portland, has just received a consignment of
Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace
Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give
satisfaction.

Orders for any quantity executed at short no-
tice. Portland, Feb. 15. 41 34

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate holden at Rumford, within
and for the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth
day of September, in the year of our Lord eight-
teen hundred and twenty-five—

ON the petition of JASON SHERMAN, Adminis-
trator of the estate of JOSHUA BACHEL-
DER, late of Fryburg, in said County, Esquire, de-
ceased, representing that the personal estate of
said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just
debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the
sum of one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven
dollars and twenty-three cents, and praying for a license
to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said
deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said
debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof
to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons inter-
ested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order
to be published three weeks successively, in the
Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Of-
fice in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday
of October next, at ten o'clock, A. M. and show cause, if
any they have, why the prayer of said petition should
not be granted. BENJA. CHANDLER, J. C. R.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Dixfield, within
and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth
day of September, in the year of our Lord eight-
teen hundred and twenty-five—

HENRY WHITE, Administrator on the estate of
JOSEPH K. WHITE, late of Dixfield, Esq.
deceased, having presented his third account of ad-
ministration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice
to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this
Order to be published three weeks successively in
the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Of-
fice in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday
of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon,
and show cause, if any they have, why the same
should not be allowed. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, J. C. R.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Turner, within and
for the County of Oxford, on the sixteenth day
of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen
hundred and twenty-five—

THOMAS MERRILL, of Turner, Esquire, named
Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be
the last Will and Testament of SAMUEL
BRIDGEMAN, Jr. late of Hebron, in said County,
Yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for
probate:

ORDERED—That the said Thomas Merrill give
notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of
this Order to be published three weeks successively in
the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Of-
fice in Paris, in said County, on the second Tues-
day of October next, at ten of the clock in the fore-
noon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said
instrument should not be proved, approved, and al-
lowed, as the last Will and Testament of said de-
ceased. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, J. C. R.

Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

THE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, pre-
paid semi-annually.
No paper discontinued, until all arrears are paid,
but at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on
the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be
per post paid. 41 34

Wandering about the city, we
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